

LITTLE STORIES FOR BEDTIME

Little Hunter Can't Find Bobby Coon.

(By THORNTON W. BURGESS.)  
(Copyright 1920, by The Associated Newspapers.)

Farmer Brown's boy did a great deal of thinking as he helped load the big farm wagon with yellow corn. Every once in a while Farmer Brown would look over at him and his eyes would twinkle. You see, Farmer Brown knew just what his boy was thinking about, for once upon a time Farmer Brown had been a boy himself. So Farmer Brown's eyes twinkled, for he knew that his boy was wondering what had happened to Bobby Coon after they had found him in the cornfield that morning, and was planning even then how he would hunt for Bobby Coon some moonlight night. And that is just exactly what Farmer Brown's boy was thinking.

Over in the Green Forest at the foot of Bobby Coon's hollow, three Bobby Coons and Happy Jack Squirrel were talking over their adventure in Farmer Brown's cornfield that morning. Happy Jack was happy, very happy indeed, to think that they were safe once more. Now that they were back in the Green Forest, Happy Jack no longer had any fear of Farmer Brown's boy, for he felt sure that he could keep safely out of sight in the tree tops. So he frisked about as merry as you please as he told Bobby Coon how he had sent the Merry Little Breezes and how he had the Merry Little Breezes had tried to find Bobby and could not.

Bobby Coon sat with his hands folded across his fat little stomach and never once smiled as he listened. His face was very sober, very sober, and it seemed sometimes as if he didn't hear Happy Jack at all. By and by Happy Jack noticed.

"What's the matter, Mr. Sober-Face? One would think that you had lost your best friend, instead of having just escaped from great danger," said Happy Jack.

Bobby Coon heaved a great sigh. "My troubles have just begun. Farmer Brown's boy will hunt for me now just as he did for Happy Jack. He may not have to move away, but he may. I'll have to move away off to the far away back pasture on the edge of the mountain just as Reddy did. And he said, 'I'll have to stick tight to my hollow three now in the day time.'"

That night after supper Farmer Brown's boy took his gun and whistled for Bowser the Hound.

"Where are you going," asked Farmer Brown, the twinkles still in his eyes. "To look for that coon we saw this morning," replied Farmer Brown's boy. So with Bowser he went, and he went ahead and sniffing the ground, he went down to the cornfield where they had seen Bobby Coon that morning, but there was no longer any scent left in Bobby's tracks, and sniff and sniff as he would, Bowser the Hound could not follow them. Farmer Brown's boy sat on the fence in the moonlight and watched him. Bowser worked as hard as ever he could, but it was of no use. Finally Farmer Brown's boy hopped down from the fence and patting Bowser on the head.

"Never mind, old fellow," said he. "I guess that coon was so badly scared that he hasn't come out again yet, but we'll have a grand hunt for him tomorrow night. He must live somewhere near and we'll get him yet."

**Sanford's**  
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CHATTANOOGA  
QUALITY SUPREME  
MANUFACTURED BY  
BENNETT-HUBBARD  
CANDY CO.

SOUND ADVICE ABOUT EATING

Alabama Lady Says We Impose on Nature by Overeating, but Thedford's Black-Draught Will Make You Feel Better.

Faint Rock, Ala.—Recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors, Mrs. Mary Manning, of this place, says: "I never have and never expect to find a better medicine than Black-Draught. When I've had a cold and needed a laxative, I used Black-Draught. I use it for sour stomach, headache and indigestion, and it does the work. 'I believe most ill we have are caused from over-eating. We impose on nature by over-eating, and then the liver don't act. We get lazy and no-account. It is hard for us to do our work, and we get real sick if we didn't take something. The best remedy I have found yet is Black-Draught. It doesn't leave you constipated, and I feel better after taking a round of it.'"

Made from purely vegetable ingredients, Black-Draught acts in a natural way, and is free from the bad after-effects of so many mineral drugs.

Get a package today. Be sure that it bears the word "Thedford's."

Thedford's is the only genuine Black-Draught liver medicine. (Adv.)

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



BRINGING UP FATHER



Illinois Majority G. O. P. 777,000

Governor, Senator, Most of Congressmen and State Ticket Republican.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—(A. P.)—Setting a record that will be hard to overcome without a greater outpouring of female voters than obtained yesterday, the republicans polled an estimated majority of 777,000 votes in Illinois for Senator Harding and Gov. Coolidge and did not fall far short of that figure in electing Len Small of Kankakee, governor, and William B. McKinley senator. Most of the Illinois congressmen will be republicans, while the entire state ticket, including the legislature, and the Chicago and Cook county officers will be of the same party as the coming national administration. Four years ago, Illinois, with women then voting for president, ran up an estimated plurality of 203,220 for Hughes over Wilson in a total vote of 2,124,724. The women apparently made no change in the majority this year, except to increase its size as they voted for Harding and Coolidge in about the same proportion as the men.

FINDS PAPER BEARING LINCOLN'S SIGNATURE

Springfield, Ill.—(I. N. S.)—A little girl found a peculiar looking piece of paper on the street here. She picked it up and brought it to a newspaper office. There it was identified as an old legal document containing Abraham Lincoln's signature. The paper was a writ in assumpsit drawn by Lincoln and Herndon, attorneys, dated 1846. The writ quotes the price of corn in those days at 17 cents a bushel, which the document attacks as exorbitant. Today, a little over seventy years since, the farmers are getting over \$1.50 for the corn, but there is no Lincoln to say it is too much.

KENTUCKY FOR COX

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 3.—Kentucky Gov. Cox a substantial majority, re-elected United States Senator, J. C. Beckham, democrat and on the face of returns, chose seven democratic and three republican congressmen. In the Eighth congressional district, King Swope, republican incumbent, appointed Judge Ralph W. Gilbert.

Last unofficial figures from more than four-fifths of the voting precincts in the state gave Gov. Cox a lead of more than 25,000. Returns from the mountain region were slow and were expected to trim the democratic candidate's lead somewhat.

Figures on the race between R. N. Dean, republican, and W. Roger Clay, democrat, for judge of the court of appeals, Fifth appellate district, were negligible.

Saved Life

DOCTORS GAVE UP

says Mrs. Gomez, of this city. Here is her testimonial.

Chattanooga, Tenn.: I want to thank you for the good Systone did my husband. Last year he was down with the flu. The doctors said they would not give 5 cents for his life. I heard about Systone and got a bottle. He began to improve from the first dose, and in five days he went back to work.

MRS. ELIZA GOMAS.

INSIST ON SYSTONE

It Will Keep Your System Healthy For Sale By

Jo Anderson, Eighth and Market Sts., Stone Bros. Market and Main Sts., Dayton Drug Co., East Ninth and King Sts., R. J. Miller, West Ninth and Chestnut Sts.—(Adv.)

BRYAN GOES "ON RECORD" IN OIL



Washington.—William Jennings Bryan is having his picture painted and he was posing for Ossip Perelman, famous Russian artist, when this photograph was taken—not for the camera man.

Home Nursing and Health Hints

NATURE'S OPPORTUNITY. BY M. JESSIE LEITCH.

(BY M. JESSIE LEITCH.)  
The ranch out on the benchlands, from a woman's standpoint, was a very discouraging place indeed. The woman who had spent seventeen years in the miserable sod hut, with its dejected outbuildings, who had reared seven children, and for whom life was a drab monotony, sighed as she emptied the pail of scrub water in the yard. She glanced without expression at the doctor who stood on the porch, and then, as if she were a child, she slipped on her apron and went to the kitchen.

"Well, Mrs. Dodd, show me the sick folk today," he said, smiling, stepping over the wet doorstep and tramping into that portion of the shack called by courtesy a bedroom.

"I suppose they'll be better." As she spoke the woman pushed back her straggling hair with hands highwater marked with scrubbing.

"Surely, they'll pull through," and as he spoke the doctor pulled aside the dingy curtain and glanced disapprovingly around the room.

The floor, still water-soaked and sloppy in puddles, gleamed in the heat of the room. A sickly odor proclaimed the oil stove flickering in the corner. The dusty window was closed and an attempt to raise it disclosed two nails, fastening it securely.

"It rattles in the night," said Mr. Dodd.

Thinking of the cool night air that swept across the ranch country at night, the air with a hint of the glaciers and the upper snows of the Rockies in its breath, the doctor sighed. His was a hopeless task—to combat the ignorance of a woman who knew nothing of hygiene, who was depleted, dissipated, struggling along with a love of her children as the only link between the civilized world she had well-nigh forgotten and the life of drudgery she lived upon the ranch.

Her husband, as the doctor knew, was "doing time," due to an indiscriminate branding of cattle that did not belong to him.

The two little girls, huddled in the unclean bed, in the drowsy semi-stupor of typhoid fever, stirred a little as the doctor bent over them. Febrile breath, cracked lips, parched tongue and dull eyes tangled hair, unwashed hands and bodies—the doctor knew it all only too well.

"Please put out the oil stove, Mrs. Dodd," said the doctor.

"It's to dry the floor, in case they catch cold," demurred the woman. But she put it out.

Now get hammer and let's take out this window," said the doctor.

LAUGH WITH US

She was a "daily shopper" for one of the city department stores. Her companion, an elderly man, was saying: "Well, anyway this work will fit you to be a good wife. You'll know how and where to buy."

"Oh, yes, I'll know where and how to buy, and right," said the girl. "But I guess if I do marry I'll never have much money to spend as I'm spending now."

"But these is young ones," she said, recognizing the fear for her young that had crept into her voice, the doctor took her hand, pressed it kindly as he said:

An Old-Fashioned Idea.  
"You have done only what you believe to be the best thing in protecting your children from the draughts. It's the old-fashioned idea, Mrs. Dodd, and as such we are bound to respect it. But we are living in a different age, you and I, and we are learning every day the simplicity of keeping away the medicines and in opening the windows, in giving nature a chance to work out her miracles unaided. And fresh air, water, personal cleanliness, and more fresh air, is the secret of health. We will try it out on the little girls and I am sure you will believe me. For they are going to get well."

And as the doctor drove away Mrs. Dodd looked at her hand, still numb from his grip, and something stirred in the brain that had been dulled for so long.

"I'll start out with the water," she said, washing her hands painstakingly

Big Phonograph Sale

Big Savings Watch for Date

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Reduced 20 Percent

- \$45 suits and overcoats \$36.00
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- \$60 suits and overcoats \$48.00
- \$65 suits and overcoats \$52.00
- \$75 suits and overcoats \$60.00

Kirschbaum

Clothes At About Cost!

For this is a genuine, bona-fide 20 percent reduction.

Here are two things that distinguish this event from the average clothing sale. First, the original closely-marked price tickets remain untouched upon the garments. There has been no manipulation of figures preceding this event.

Simply figure your discount at time of purchase. The second distinguishing fact is the character of merchandise involved—every fabric, every model being of Kirschbaum quality.

All Models. All Fabrics. All Sizes.

Bits of Byplay

By LUKE McLUKE  
Copyright, 1920, by The Cincinnati Enquirer.

A man feels mighty big in his own eyes. But there is lots of truth in this small quip: "No," replied the Wise Guy. "When he is picking out a man to whip."

How knows a Few Things. Willie—law, when does a man reach the age of discretion? "Law—when he is about 250 years old, my son."

Faw—You shut your mouth and get to bed, young man! "No, hum!"

The moon gets full, much to our deep disgust. Then goes behind the sun and hides away. But we are law-abiding and wait. Stick to the Dipper and the Milky Way.

Oh, Very Well. "How are you enjoying the trip?" we asked the seashore passenger who was leaning over the rail of the steamer. "Oh," he replied, "things are coming up to my expectations."

Though women folks are like to chaff. We have respect for them, by jing! And we call her the better half. Because she is the whole blame thing.

Explained. "Do you know why dentist's offices are called dental parlors?" asked the Cheerful Idiot. "No," replied the Wise Guy. "What's the reason?"

"Because they are drawing rooms," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "The Overworked Reporter. (Osgood, Ind., Journal.)

Vernon Kuybinger has moved his law office from where it was to where he now is.

Correspondence. A colored man in Chattanooga, Tenn., wrote this letter to a colored man in Mason, Ga.:

"Dear friend—is you dead or is you alive? Is you alive, send me that ten dollars you owe me—George. A week later George received this reply:

"Dear George—I is dead and that ten dollars was used to help buy my coffin.—Sam."

Gosh! Most of us don't know which way we'll be tagged when we die. But what we started to tell you was that King street, Chattanooga, S. C.

Mrs. Taffy Tootle Suggs, of Fayetteville, Tenn., has been granted a divorce from W. C. Suggs.

Did you know that you could buy candies at Mahr & Pappas Confectionary, Edgewood and University, Cincinnati?

And you can locate Adam Sharp, shoemaker, in Streetwater, Ill.

What has become of the old-fashioned child that used to have to eat its meals standing up when it came to its parents?—Luke McLuke. It's a parent now and still has to eat standing up. Name is Nemes.

Henrietta Rhatt lives in Charleston, S. C.

Our Daily Special. You Can't Win An Enemy By Shooting Off Your Mouth.

Most things about the man who is slow but sure is that he is certain to be a success.

A burnt child dreads the fire. But an adult will go back and get burnt again.

A young man's habits have a lot to do with his future. If he turns in all right, he'll turn out all right.

Many a married man who complains that his wife doesn't pay any attention to him, is a sufferer from catarrh of the bladder.

A good-looking woman can make a man do anything she wants him to do, if she knows how to use her charms.

When some couples get married, the groom is so homesick that he ought to be wearing the veil instead of the bride.

Maybe a girl leaves her chest uncovered in winter to prove that she has a warm heart.

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH

A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method That Clears Out the Head, Nose and Throat.

There is no disease more offensive or distressing or that will lead to so much serious trouble as catarrh. You can now get rid of it by a simple, safe, pleasant home remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser, a catarrh specialist.

Dr. Blosser's remedy is composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette. The smoke-vapor is inhaled into all the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It contains no opium or tobacco and may be used by women and children as well as men.

This medicated smoke-cure will cleanse the system, soothe the inflamed membrane, loosen the phlegm and entirely remove the cause of the trouble. Catarrh, asthma, catarrh of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It contains no opium or tobacco and may be used by women and children as well as men.

Any well-stocked drug store can supply Dr. Blosser's Remedy in cigarette or pipe form. If you are a sufferer from catarrh, write for a free trial package. Satisfactory results guaranteed by a genuine, money-back offer.

A trial package will be mailed post-paid to any sufferer for ten cents (coin or stamp) by Dr. Blosser Co., P.O. 25, Atlanta, Ga., to prove its delicious and remarkable effectiveness.—(Adv.)

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